

"DUE PROCESS OF LAW."



### THE HANNA BOOM.

(News Despatches from the next Republican National Convention.)

THE PRESIDENT is said to be greatly worried over the development of the Hanna boom. Mr. Hanna, also, is very much disturbed. The Ohio statesman has aged visibly during the past few days. Despite his strenuous efforts the Boom is making progress every hour. By some acute observers his nomination is regarded as probable; by others as inevitable.

Mr. Hanna has opened an anti-Hanna headquarters here. Influential statesmen from all parts of the country are assuring him of their support in his efforts to avoid the Presidential chair. A number of anti-Hanna marching clubs arrived from Ohio to-day and serenaded the Senator, who addressed them in a powerful speech in which he argued eloquently against his availability. His remarks created intense enthusiasm. It is rumored that as a last resort he will make serious disclosures against himself. It is also rumored that he has quietly amassed a large corruption fund which he will use unscrupulously at the last moment to defeat his nomination. Intimate friends of Mr. Hanna, however, denounce this story as absurd.

A strong delegation of colored Republicans from Mississippi arrived this morning and waited on the Senator. He implored them to withdraw their support, but they merely smiled pleasantly and intimated that with a liberal campaign fund they could deliver the electoral vote of their state.

The nominating speeches have just been made. When the Hon. Mr. Buckeye arose to present the name of Ohio's favorite son, Mr. Hanna made an almost frantic protest but, under the gag rules adopted by the Convention, the Chairman ruled him out of order. He listened to the eloquent nominating speech with tears rolling down his cheeks.

Mr. Hanna has just been nominated by acclamation. The Convention was wild with enthusiasm. Pandemonium reigned.

Some people think he may consent to run. Others fear that even if he should, he will knife the ticket.

Wm. E. McKenna.

### ON THE SPANISH MAIN.

"I yield," said the pirate, sullenly.

"T is well," said the leader of the mutineers, with a diabolical leer seldom found outside of dime novels.

"And may I ask what is the cause of this outbreak?"

"Why, we have organized a union and have made up our minds not to accept less than twice the prevailing rate of wages. I will steer for the nearest port and put the ship in charge of the Walking Delegate of Pirates' Union No. 48."

### HIS DESTINY.

MRS. KIDDER (*worriedly*).—I really don't know what to make of Robbie! Nothing ever pleases him but making someone else miserable. He is forever finding fault and snarling—

MR. KIDDER (*cheerily*).—By George! We'll make an evangelist of that boy!

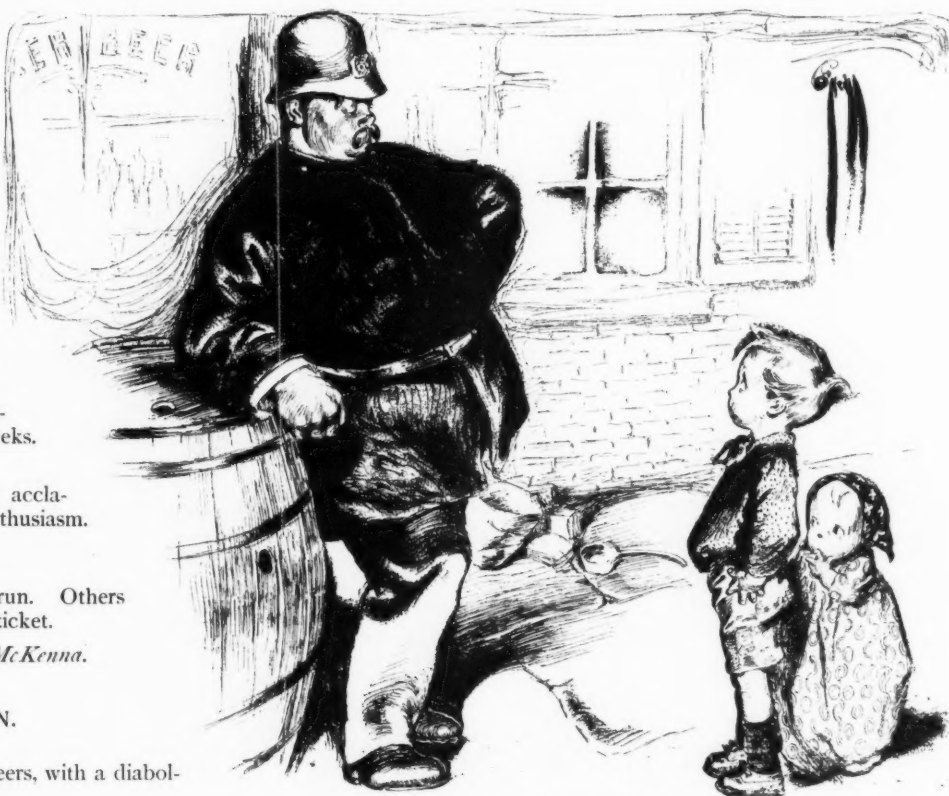
### DIFFICULTIES.

"Well, if England evacuates Egypt, will you evacuate Manchuria?" they finally asked, bluntly.

Russia coughed, in a deprecating way.

"Pulling up stakes is one thing in the soft alluvium of the Nile, and quite another thing in the frozen soil of the Yalu," protested she.

MR. BRYAN rises periodically to deny the rumor that harmony has broken out in the Democratic Party.



### THE KID'S IDEA.

OFFICER SHAWHAN.—What's your big sister gettin' teachd, up dere at de school?

TEENY O'TUFF.—Aw, electrocution, physical torture, and stuff like dat.

**Where a woman's husband is a genius of the first order, she dies of neglect; where he is not, of chagrin.**



# PUCK



## SUSPICIOUS.

MR. JONES.—Oh, yes; I met Dick Bachellor and told him all about the baby.

MRS. JONES.—Did he listen patiently?

MR. JONES.—Very; he listened so patiently that I was afraid at first he wanted to borrow money.

## CHIVALRY.



HERE SHE stands—as well I know—  
Right beneath the mistletoe;  
Innocence, of course, her part—  
Expectation in her heart!  
Nice girl, too; with a degree  
From the university.  
Nicest girl I ever met  
Is Jeannette.

She 's not pretty, in the face;  
Hers, say people, is a case  
Where one has to look within,  
Underneath the shallow skin,  
And rare beauties one will find—  
Beauties of the *soul* and *mind*!  
Must n't things like these forget!  
Nice Jeannette.

Well, here goes! There 's naught to do  
But to see the matter through.  
Christmas Eve—a man and maid—  
Custom ought to be obeyed—  
Wish some other chap were 'round—  
Wish 't were Molly! I 'll be bound  
*She* would tempt an anchorit!  
But Jeannette?

Shall I wait a bit—no, sir!  
What 's the use—she does n't stir!  
Awkward, is n't it, for both?  
Willing girl and fellow loth.  
She must think that I am blind!  
Wish that I could kiss her *mind*!  
It 's a shame, tho'! Brace up! Yet—  
Drat Jeannette!

Edwin L. Sabin.

EVERY MAN has his price. An incorruptible man is where nobody else has it.



## NATURALLY.

THE JUDGE.—Now, sir! What is your excuse for not wishing to serve on the jury?

THE TURKEY.—Please, your honor, I am opposed to capital punishment.

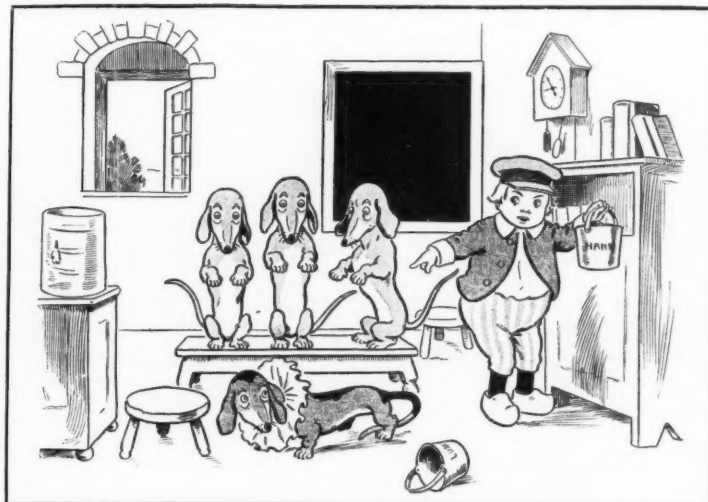
# PUCK

## HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 19.



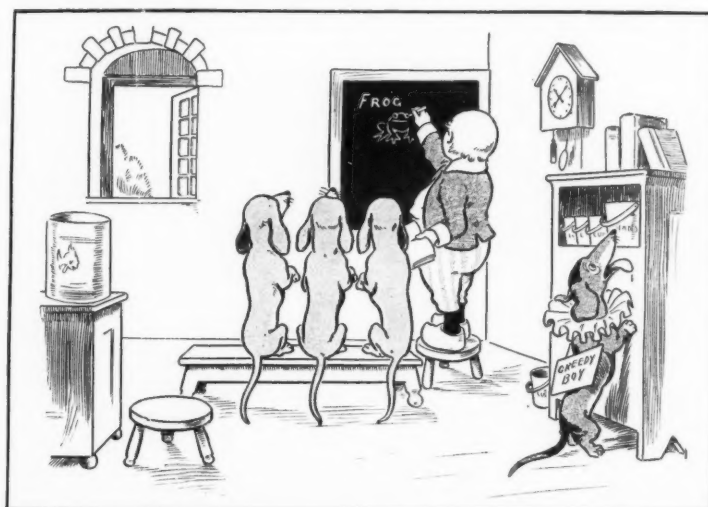
I.  
Said greedy Dackel to his chums:  
"My school I love—when lunch time comes."



II.  
"O, pshaw!" he thought, "here 's Hans again;  
He likes to lay for me, that 's plain."



III.  
"I call this mean—Hello! What 's there?  
His lunch! I wonder if I dare."



IV.  
"I 'll tip it gently while he draws,  
Then grab and hustle out of doors."



V.  
He tipped it gently, softly, too,—  
Till down and out the contents flew."



VI.  
Quoth Hans: "Our Dackel studies so,  
He 'd rather learn than eat, I know."

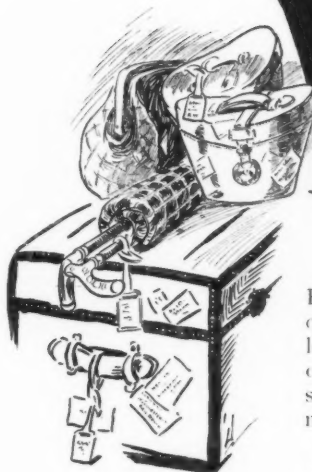
**T**here are a whole lot of us that would be gladly willing to die poor if we could have a cinch on living rich.



# PUCK

## BAGS AND TAGS.

(All of which is strictly confidential.)



IN A moment more, the young man entered the trunk emporium.

"Show me, please," said he, "something natty in hand-bags."

"Yes, sir," was the proprietor's response, "this way, sir. With labels, I presume."

"Of course," quoth the young man, "I carry nothing else. Ah, yes. That is just what I want." "And your taste is excellent," confided the proprietor, "this grip is fitted with the labels of the best foreign hotels. The Hague, Berlin, Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, Paris, Venice, Rome, Luzerne, London—as you see, only the best abodes of tourists in each locality. We guarantee this bag, moreover, when carried through New York streets, to produce all the effect of a six months' trip abroad."

"It certainly is a fine bag."

"It certainly is. And if you wish to go a trifle higher in price, we can let you have an article still better. This one. Labels from Constantinople, Cairo, Port Said, Calcutta, Bangkok, Singapore, Shanghai, Tokio and Port Arthur. Each securely pasted with our best grade of paste and neatly varnished. A very superior bag."

The young man was visibly impressed.

"I presume," said he, "that the labels are genuine; not printed here, you know, from foreign originals?"

"Oh, my, no!" cried the proprietor, with spirit, "as I said before, we positively guarantee these bags to be what we represent. We get our labels direct from abroad by regular shipments, free of duty. We have agents everywhere who personally buy our labels from the head porters of all noted hotels. We pay the porters well and their employers never know the difference. Genuine, my dear sir; why—!!"

"Could you import labels specially?" the young man asked, "from Thibet, let us say? I would like to create the impression that I have been in Thibet."

"Certainly," said the obliging tradesman, "I'll cable my agent at Lhasa this afternoon. But, frankly, Thibetan labels are among our most expensive."

"That is immaterial," was the prompt rejoinder, "they're cheaper than going there, I have no doubt. I'll take the bag you last showed me and when you hear from Thibet, drop me a line."

"Yes, sir. I will, sir. And, by the way, no first-class bag is complete without one of our first cabin



## THE LIMIT.

JERROLD.—I wish I knew just what Dolly would like for Christmas.

HAROLD.—Why don't you ask her?

JERROLD.—Oh, I could n't afford anything like *that*!

labels of one of the really first-class ocean liners. A 'Wanted During Voyage' label you know, which we display prominently and also guarantee. Do you care for one?"

"Oh, decidedly. And thank you. Now, altogether, that will be how much?"

"Let me see. You have our best Europo-Afro-Asiatic bag, with steamer label added. That will be \$38.75. Thank you very much. You have a splendid article there, my friend—the finest pig-skin."

"Tut, Tut!"

"Our patent triple clasp, very simple but very secure."

"The clasp does n't matter."

"With our strongest reinforced lining and corrugated handle."

"Those are trifles compared with labels."

"Oh, to be sure. But—er—of course, I merely mentioned them. Old habits cling, you know, in this business—er—"

"Good day."

"Good day, sir. Thank you, sir."

Arthur H. Folwell.



## A DRAWBACK.

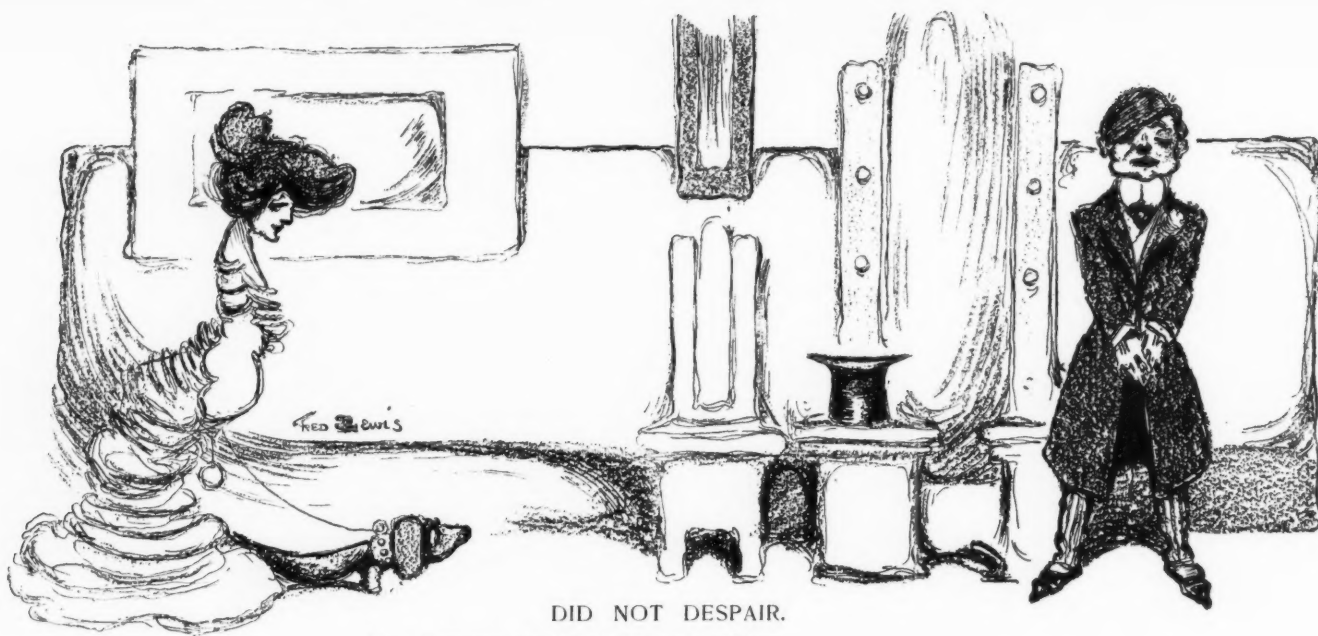
"Some of these mechanical toys are quite instructive."

"They are, but they don't last long enough to give an extended lesson."

THE EMERGENCY which we refuse to meet is very apt to overtake us.

WOMAN DENIES that she is the weaker vessel, insisting that she has simply been blanketed all these years.

**E**ven the water in the stock market finds its level.



#### DID NOT DESPAIR.

HE.—I suppose you thought I'd never get here.

SHE.—Oh, I had hopes. I did n't suppose you were coming in an auto.

#### A STUDY IN MIXED RELATIONSHIPS.

**L**ITTLE FREDDIE'S Fond Father was reading the newspaper the other evening when Little Freddie got busy with a thirst for information.

"Teacher says that George Washington was the father of his country. Did he have any other countries, Paw?"

Little Freddie's Fond Father discontinued reading and answered benignly: "I don't think I understand you, my son. Explain yourself a little more fully."

"Did he have any other countries for children besides this country?"

"No, Freddie; this was the only country he had."

"Teacher says that England is the mother of this country—read it out of a poetry book to us. Was England George Washington's wife?"

"No, my son. The word mother is used figuratively."

"Oh, I thought they must be married, 'cause of this country being their baby and 'cause they fought so much," said Little Freddie, innocently.

"You'll go to bed if you think so freely out loud," suggested Little Freddie's Fond Father, warningly, as he resumed the reading of his paper.

Little Freddie cogitated in silence for the space of seven seconds. "Paw," he ventured then, "don't the newspapers call England Cousin John Bull?"

The eyes of Little Freddie's Fond Father were again lifted from his reading. He laid his paper on his knees, and unless his face was given to lying he would rather have laid Little Freddie there.

"Then Cousin John would be George Washington's second cousin. But I don't quite understand it, Paw, 'cause Cousin John is England and she was George Washington's wife. Can a man marry his second cousin John?"

"If you don't stop your infernal questions I'll give you something more immediate to think about, young man. I'm not an encyclopedia of tommyrot."

Two minutes later Little Freddie essayed again: "Who's Uncle Sam, Paw?"

"He's this country itself. That will do, Freddie."

"But whose uncle is he?"

"He is n't anybody's uncle!" roared Little Freddie's Fond Father. "Some idiot invented all those fool relationships to torment honest people with."

"If Uncle Sam is this country he must be George Washington's boy. Is Brother Jonathon any kin to Uncle Sam?"

"It means the same thing. That's what the English call us. Now, don't let me hear another question out of you. I've had enough of them."

Little Freddie soliloquized aloud: "Seems kinder funny that Jonathan can be a brother to John Bull and yet John's only a cousin to Jonathon. And I don't see how Uncle Sam can be an uncle to nothing, lessen the little boy died that he was uncle to." Then Little Freddie's thirst for knowledge broke out on him again: "Paw, are you sure George Washington was n't Canada's father, too? A piece I read the other day said Canada was this country's younger sister. Mebbe you did n't hear about it when Canada was born."

Little Freddie got no response to this. The one addressed was trying desperately to interest himself in a piece of political news.

"And the same piece said, Paw, that Cuba and Hawaii were children of Uncle Sam's. Mebbe he won't mind not being anybody's uncle seeing he has children of his own. Who's Uncle Sam's wife, Paw? Is it Columbia? She'd be George Washington's—"

Little Freddie's Fond Father rose hurriedly from his seat and grasped Little Freddie by the coat collar. The two disappeared into an adjoining room to continue the study of relationships.

*William MacLeod Raine.*



#### THEIR OWN OF NO USE.

LITTLE MISS DACHSHUND (*the day before Christmas*).—Please, Mrs. Greyhound, Mama wants to know if you'll kindly lend us a few of your children's old stockings to hang up to-night!

**E**xperience is a teacher that never tires of repeating a lesson.



## PUCK



### PUCK

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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

#### LITTLE LESSONS AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

SOME STANDARD Oil employees will receive no turkeys this Christmas, as the Trust has decided conservatively that it can not afford to make presents. In past years, birds were distributed, but this year, the cost of turkeys having materially increased, even the Oil Trust's purse is unequal to the outlay. Two weeks' notice was given to the men in order to avoid embarrassment later and they were cordially told to "govern themselves accordingly." This, we hope, they are striving to do, for certainly it is no occasion for bitterness, the cheeriest of cheery seasons. Far from it, indeed. The former recipients should heed anew that mellow maxim of Yuletide: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And then, incidentally, they should comprehend in its full meaning the danger of becoming *too* well fixed. As young Mr. Rockefeller truly said in his sermon, "the modern tendency is to forget the duty we owe to the Lord in the struggle to advance ourselves in the worldly sense; to accumulate riches and acquire a position of power." What are turkeys but elements of worldly riches,—plump, demoralizing elements? Here endeth, therefore, the first lesson.

#### PANAMA AND THE MORALISTS.

THE PANAMA chit-chat continues to be edifying. By nothing that we know of, modernly speaking, has its sparkle and novelty been surpassed. The views are pointed. The viewpoints, variety itself. As for ideas of honor, they still are pouring in at an undiminished rate. One idea, in particular, is captivating. It refers to that ten million bonus which Columbia spurned and Panama is to get. At this, it appears, certain moralists demur. They are partially reconciled to Panama, now that the government seems stubbornly set on treating with it, but they fail to see, and sternly say so, why the ten million dollars should be part of the pact. These disciples of honor, in other words, who raised their hands in horror, "at the betrayal of Columbia" and denounced most indignantly the shameless oppression of an invalid republic, stoically advocate on their own account a duplicate stand toward Panama. Why pay out ten millions when we do not have to, they ask in effect. Why, indeed? No one can make us. For that matter, why pay one million, or even one thousand? In short, with due apologies the real-estate spell-binder, why pay rent at all when you can own your own canal? Or, plainly, when you can seize it. The plan, as proposed, is ideally simple, and the outcome, from the strict standpoint of honor, would be simply ideal. Only "an honorable" could have thought it out.

#### CONCERNING OUR LEGAL PACE.

THE sentencing to Sing Sing this month of a crook convicted more than two years ago gives further impetus to the growing claim that our legal pace needs livening. The lay mind, indeed, has been for some time of this opinion, but the lay mind, again, is at a distinct disadvantage when asked to suggest a feasible reform. Or one that would not make more for harm than general good. When the law is revised, we fancy, true and tried friends, no mere acquaintances, will revise it. Not, of course, in the tariff sense, which is another and naïve form of never, but moderately,

discreetly and justly, as soon as the public weal demands it. Public opinion, at such a time, if strong enough and united enough, will force reform in court procedure as surely as it forced in 1901 the lightning trial, conviction and execution of McKinley's assassin. Swifter justice is a present need, undoubtedly, but it is something entirely possible, we believe, under the law as it stands. Fewer adjournments and longer sessions, for example. Already, in civil actions, "the law's delay" is effecting a change. The calendars still are crowded, but more and more differences are adjusted privately, and much of the delay attributed by lawyers to the courts is now quite properly credited to the legal lights themselves. Lawyers have not been, nor are they at present, in business for the same or similar reasons which prompt convalescents to seek salt air, and with expert knowledge of the code, to raise an obstruction and then to raze it is to them both easy and lucrative. Reform in this particular is making no marvelous progress. It may come eventually from the client, but hardly from the bar association. And an excellent way in which the client may begin it is to form at once the commendable habit of settling out of court. It is a frugal habit, too.

#### PLEASURE.

"As soon as the holiday rush is over," said Charon, "I'm going to have a trolley rigging put on my boat, and enjoy the pleasure of whizzing by shades waiting for me on the dock."

#### IMPROBABILITY.

Sleeping, I dreamed.

I dreamed that Canada had claimed New York, had submitted her case to arbitration, had been beaten, had received her defeat in admirable good temper—

But with this the dream became so extremely improbable that I woke with a loud laugh.

#### A WALL STREET SUGGESTION.

Let breakfast food inventors all  
In stocks grow interested  
And give to us securities  
That have been predigested.



#### ALL ACCOUNTED FOR.

"He has changed so since he lost his money that half his friends don't know him."

"And the other half?"

"Oh, the other half don't know that he's lost his money."







J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK ELDG. N.Y.

# PUCK



## THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

HE.—I feel as if I could defy the world!

SHE.—Oh, that is n't so hard;—but how about Papa?

## THE REFORMER.



KNOW a philosopher, learned and read,  
Who, in viewing the world, seems to stand on his head,  
He pities the poor and goes in for reform,  
Convinced he can keep the world comfy and warm,  
If he keeps the thermometer out of the storm.

Having heard how the ostrich has cleverly planned  
To hide by concealing his head in the sand,  
He holds that a scheme would be valid and wise  
To protect it forever from hunt and surprise  
By catching the ostrich and searing its eyes.

He marvels that men should so bargain and dicker  
To be governed at last by an imbecile ticker,  
So he has invented one, run by a clock;  
Set fast, it will "toast," or set slow, it will "knock,"  
And thus you can bull or can bear any stock.

In elections he claims that the office should go  
Not to him with the high vote, but him with the low.  
To be voted unpopular surely is tough,  
So the office should go to console the rebuff,  
While the man who succeeds is rewarded enough.

He holds that a criminal ought to do time  
Before and not after committing the crime.  
"Plain drunk" would be given a month to be fitted;  
Ten years and a burglary might be permitted;  
While murderers first would be hung, then acquitted.

You laugh at this mortal? I laugh at him, too;  
He reminds me so much of myself—and of you.  
Oh, I'm sure the world's sick and it needs a physician,  
But if I be the doctor to fill the position,  
The fee curing me cures the patient's condition!

*Edmund Vance Cooke.*



## CONSISTENT.

"What's become of that politician, Blufferington, who used to have the undivided support of this community?"

"Oh, he's still getting it. He's in the town-house."



# Schlitz Beer

## Receives World's Highest Endorsement

European government scientist awards Schlitz the highest honor. From Weihenstephan, Bavaria, the most renowned school of brewing in the world, comes this triumph for Schlitz.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous pronounced best American beer by the Bavarian Government's famous scientific brewer, Prof. Dr. Hans Vogel, Director of the Scientific Station for the Art of Brewing, subventioned by the Royal Bavarian Government. Bavaria is the cradle of the art of brewing.

We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

We clean every tub, every boiling vat, tank or barrel, every pipe and pump, every time we use it.

We bore wells down 1400 feet to rock for pure water.

We cool the beer in filtered air.

We filter the beer by machinery.

We store Schlitz beer for months in refrigerating rooms, until it is well fermented — until it cannot cause biliousness.

SCIENTIFIC STATION FOR THE ART  
OF BREWING  
WEIHENSTEPHAN, NEAR FREISING  
(Subventioned by the Royal Bavarian Gov't)  
PROF. DR. HANS VOGEL  
ACADEMICAL DIRECTOR

WEIHENSTEPHAN, Nov. 22, 1903.

Schlitz Brewing Co.,  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Through the courtesy of Commerzienrath (Counsellor of Commerce) Dr. Datterer, I have received several bottles of your beer.

I have not only partaken of same, but have also made a searching chemical analysis, the result of which I enclose.

The analysis, as a matter of course, can give no idea of an important feature, the flavor of the beer.

I frequently receive samples of American beers for analyzation, but I can truthfully say without flattering, that I never drank a better American beer than yours.

The beer tasted full (round) and fresh, and no trace of the usual disagreeable pasteurization flavor was discernible.

Once more permit me to express my recognition.

Very respectfully,

HANS VOGEL.



The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous!

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom  
5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New  
York.

SAD.

The springtime will delight the soul,  
The violets will bloom again;  
But, oh, the many tons of coal  
That we will have to buy ere then!  
—*Washington Star.*



## ED. PINAUD'S LATEST EXQUISITE PERFUME "BRISE EMBAUMÉE VIOLETTE"

Is admitted by connoisseurs to be the most delicate embodiment of the violet odor ever produced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1 oz. (cut glass bot.) - \$ 2.00  
2 " " " " - 4.00  
5 " " " " - 9.00  
12 " " " " - 17.50  
1 lb. " " " " - 25.00

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## P.B. Ale

"Lest you forget"

"Oh  
be  
jolly"

Brewed right  
Ripened right &  
Kept right

\$1.50 per dozen pints

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HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
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33, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, NEW YORK.  
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

IF GENUINE  
*Always the Same!*

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.  
Baltimore, Md.

LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK.

"Why do you insist on sitting near the bass drum and cymbals at a grand opera performance?"

"I don't mind telling you as an old friend," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's the only way I can make sure of not disgracing mother and the girls by staying asleep through the entire performance."—*Washington Star.*

FIGURES.

The woman was for bold measures.

"I will wear a gown that will make people think you are worth a million," she said.

"But can you thus at once conceal my figure and your own?" objected her husband, a craven soul.—*Detroit Free Press.*



A DIVISION.

"I'd like to compromise with those dogs. Let me have life and liberty and they can have the pursuit of happiness."

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Money well invested in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

A BEAR MOVEMENT.

VISITOR.—Your church is a beauty. That handsome house next door is the parsonage, I presume?

DEACON DE GOOD.—N-o. Fact is, the parsonage is some distance up town, but we intend to make an offer for one of these nearby residences soon.

"The price will be high, no doubt."

"Um—I think not. We shan't try to buy until after our new chimes are put in."—*New York Weekly.*

LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

It's mighty hard ter turn over de new leaf, kaze some er de New Year books come uncut.

Folks dat always lookin' fer a bushel er happiness never stops ter think dey might er got along wid a pint measure.

De worl' is gittin' better, but human natur' is still wid us, en won't pay de gas bill 'twel de last day er grace.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DRAWING THE LINE.

"Would you object to stating how you made your first thousand dollars?" said the heart-to-heart interviewer.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "but in discussing this matter I want you to draw the line strictly at the first thousand."—*Washington Star.*

AN Atchison bride had printed on her calling cards: "At Home Wednesday Afternoons." After six months' marriage, she had added: "And every day in the week, and can't get the work done then."—*Atchison Globe.*

"Does this look like anything, dear?" asked the wife, showing off her new jacket.

"Like three months' salary," replied the fond husband.—*Princeton Tiger.*



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

## SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

*My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)*

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FRIEND.—Good idea. Travel under your *nom de plume*.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

SELFISH FELLOW.

"The idea!" exclaimed Reeder. "Here 's a story of a Western man who shot another because he refused to drink with him. Is n't that awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Guzzle. "Probably the one who refused was the one who had the bottle."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A SEVERE TASK.

"You should strive to appeal to the imagination and the human interest of your pupils," said the principal.

"I do," answered the teacher, "but it is very hard to convince the boys that Hector and Achilles were as great men as Corbett and Jeffries."—*Wash. Star*.

A REMINDER.

"Look at that man with the high hat and sack coat."

"Yes. By the way, that reminds me that I 've got to get some castor oil."

"Well, say, how does that remind of castor oil?"

"Oh, just the bad taste of it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

AYE, THERE 'S THE RUB!

We all of us try to forgive and forget

When similar treatment we crave,

And think we are virtuous paragons, yet

We can not forget we forgave.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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Purity—above everything—distinguishes Schlitz beer from the common.

There's a difference, of course, in the barley, the hops, the yeast. We use the costliest materials. But the goodness of Schlitz is mainly due to its healthfulness.

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THE BEER THAT  
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FAMOUS

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.



CRITICISM.

"Well, I brought a punkin an' I'll take the paper a while longer, but I was in two minds about it."

"Why—don't you like the paper?"

"Well, to be plain with you, I think I might have got a heap more good out of the punkin."

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"How did Wiggins manage to get  
a reputation for being so wise?"

"By confining himself to two words.  
He waits till one of his superiors ex-  
presses an opinion, and then says,  
'That's so!'"—*Washington Star*.

UPS AND DOWNS.

"You don't say  
'Down with the  
trusts' any more."

"What's the use?"

responded the states-

man. "Every time I

say 'Down with the

trusts' some trust

says 'Up with the

prices,' and has the

best of the argument

by practical demon-

stration."—*Wash-*

*ington Star*.

A MAN who carries

his trousers home

from the pantatorium

at least shows that

he has two pairs.—

*Wash. Democrat*.

A "DASH" means any-  
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Dry Gin—and the American

Of good wine merchants.

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MUST BE SOME  
MISTAKE.

"They tell me  
that Guzzle has a  
perfect horror of  
water," remarked  
Tredway.

"O, I guess not,"  
replied Brisbane.  
"He buys stocks."—  
*Atlanta Constitution*.

PATIENCE.—He's  
all right on the golf  
links. They say he  
makes a lovely tee.

PATRICE.—Yes;  
his early education  
in making mud pies  
does not seem to  
have been neglected.  
*Yonkers Statesman*.



WELL ARMED AGAINST MISFORTUNE.

FIRST RABBIT.—Hully Gee! Bunny, there's a nigger with a gun  
down below.

SECOND RABBIT.—You don't say so? By George! Is n't it lucky  
we looked before we leaped?

FIRST RABBIT.—I should think we ought to be lucky, with eight  
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—Washington Star.



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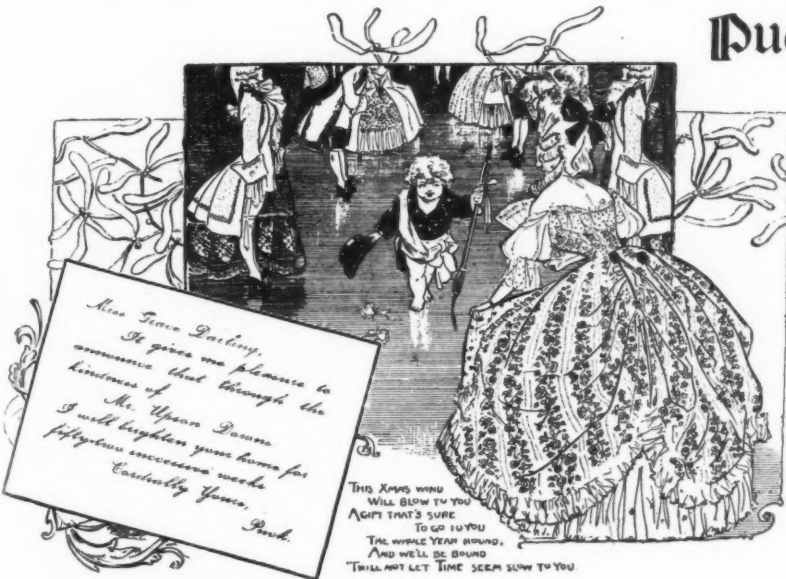
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Judge Colt of the Circuit Court of the United States District of Massachusetts deserves the congratulations and thanks of the American people for the broad and sweeping decision rendered Nov. 9, 1903, restraining Adams, Taylor Co. of Boston, Mass., from using the word "Club" in connection with bottled Cocktails. The complainants, G. F. Heublein & Bro., have spent much time and money in introducing the celebrated Club Cocktails, which like all well known and staple articles have been more or less imitated. This decision means not only protection to the maker of the goods, but affords equal protection to the purchaser, and simplifies the matter of getting what you want and pay for. We trust the Courts will continue in this good work and protect known and established brands from the piracy to which they so long have been subject.

**Puck's New Christmas Card...**



Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a Christmas Present of a Year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to know that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

**The Best Christmas Present—  
A Year's Subscription to Puck and  
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Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a subscription to PUCK as a Suitable Christmas Present, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us five dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the reduced sketch shown herewith gives the design in outline.

This Card, (size 7½ x 5½ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

**Now, here is something tangible to give;  
To send by mail to distant dear ones;  
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.**

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a Suitable Christmas Present.  
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MAKING-UP FOR THE X-MAS ENTERTAINMENT.

Miss Fox (*the X-mas fairy*).—He! he! What a fine Santa Claus Mr. Bear makes; just look at his fur-cap.